11630.c.4
9

THE

Irresistible FAIR,

A

POEM

Humbly Inscrib'd to that

Incomparable, and Celebrated BEAUTY

Miss F--y Be--l.

By J. DODD, PHILOMATHES.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by *A. Dodd*, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*; *E. Cook*, at the *Royal-Exchange*; and by the Pamphletsellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1739.

THE

Irrefistible FAIR,

A

POEM.

Humbly Inscrib'd to that

Incomparable, and Celebrated BEAUTY

Mrs F--y Bc--l.

By J. DODD, Printer.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by J. Dodd, at the Parcel-Warehouse [illegible]; J. Cook, at the Royal-Exchange; and all Pamphlet-Shops in London and Westminster. 1737.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Miſs F—y Be—l.

MADAM,

WITH the profoundeſt Reſpect imaginable, I make bold to lay at your Feet this little Lucubration of mine; not that I have the Aſſurance to think it will meet with a favourable Acceptance, it being but a weak Performance, nor worthy your leaſt Regard, being Conſcious of your polite Taſte and Sublimity of Mind; or that you will honour it with your Peruſal, but

ſpurn it from you as a mere Trifle: But as you are the Inſpirer, and Theme of this Performance, make me hope of its being favoured and protected by your auſpicious Goodneſs and Generoſity, being ſheltered under the Wings of your inexpreſſible Charms, and your unerring Approbation, which is all I aſpire at; nor ſhall I think much of thoſe few Moments which I have ſpent in portraying the Beauties, Charms, and Graces of the moſt delicate Creature that ever Dame Nature perform'd: And could I be aſſured it would meet with as grateful a Reception, as with that unfeigned Pleaſure I writ it, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf the Happieſt of Mortals, to think that my poor Endeavours ſhould be bleſt with thoſe fair Eyes, which ſparkle in their glittering Orbs with that heavenly Brightneſs, whoſe leaſt Glance or Look is enough to warm the moſt Icy Breaſt: Not *Anchorites*, with their Auſterity, could reſiſt thoſe Darts which

your

your divine Form inſpires, infuſing ſuch warm Sentiments to the Soul, ſuch gay and ſoft Deſires, with that inexpreſſible Languiſhment, that with Raptures they'd leave their Cells, to touch but the very Hem of your Garment.

Oh! lovely Deity, pardon the Preſumption of this Addreſs, and accept my humble Muſe; nor think that if my Confeſſion of your Divine Power is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a Want of due Reſpect, but of a Capacity more than human; for what Poet, or Painter in the World, can expreſs, or delineate that excellent Colouring and Formation of your Features, which are drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, which ſhines conſpicuouſly to the World with unſullied Luſtre? I confeſs 'tis Vanity of me to attempt ſuch a Task, you being a Copy for the greateſt Maſters; nor is it poſſible with my enervate Pen,

to

to illustrate properly, the least Charm of yours; but, mean as it is, I offer it at the Shrine of your Beauty, with unfeigned Pleasure and Satisfaction, and in all my Life should esteem it as the greatest Temporal Happiness, of subcribing my self,

MADAM,

Your most Devoted,

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. DODD.

THE

THE Irresistible FAIR, &c.

WHEN Souls are struck with beauteous heav'nly Forms,
Its Force inspires the Pen to sing its Charms.
Who can withstand that soft, that thrilling Smart,
Which wounds like pointed Arrows every Heart?
Each vital Function's lull'd with sweet Surprize,
And blissful Raptures thro' our Bosom flies.
Could I express its sublime Force and Power,
How it exerts its Empire every Hour;
What glowing Flames, what soft Emotions glide,
What bright Ideas in our Souls preside;

How

How eager we ſurvey each beauteous Grace,
With longing Eyes we each Perfection trace;
My Breaſt inſpir'd, I mean to ſing in Verſe,
In ſofteſt Strains, its Influence to rehearſe.
No Muſe's aid, nor Draught of *Helicon*,
For to aſſiſt me, or direct my Pen;
No Deity invoke, nor Saint above,
To wake my Muſe, or ſhew it how to move:
A Muſe divine engroſſes every Part,
Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
Her would I ſing, no other Theme require,
Whoſe very Form inſpires poetick Fire:
May I but deign to celebrate her Name,
In flowing Numbers equal to her Fame;
No Monarch's Crown, nor Sceptre wou'd I ſway,
But to her Shrine my humble Homage pay.

Oh! heav'nly Maid, the Gods peculiar Care,
Who wait as Guardians o'er the beauteous Fair;

Deign

Deign to accept my Muſe's humble Vein,
Nor my young Labours ſcornfully diſdain:
Prompted by Beauty which your Form inſpires,
Thoſe bright unſullied Charms! which all admires;
None but yourſelf my vent'rous Pen can guide,
Nor none leſs fair could in my Breaſt reſide.

Bleſt *Delia!* born with ev'ry Charm and Grace,
What Beauties revel on that heav'nly Face!
What Luſtre with ſweet Innocence is join'd,
Which ſpeaks the Virtues of her God-like Mind!
Beholding Thee, what Guſts of Rapture roll,
What Floods of Pleaſure float within my Soul!
Fix'd with Attention, each Admirer's loſt,
As with lethargick Draughts in Sleep are doſ'd;
No Life, no Power! each does his Soul reſign,
Nor think her mortal, but of Mould divine.

Her Dove-like Eyes ten thouſand Charms diſpenſe,
As warms the Soul, and raptures every Senſe;

Where Majeſty and Softneſs ſo diſplay,
Which ſhews her Mind at once Sublime and Gay:
Like Stars they glitter, ſending Rays around,
Where e'er they fix, infuſe a pleaſing Wound.
Her lovely Forehead, not too low nor high,
Like a gay Turret, attracks each curious Eye:
Her flowing Treſſes of inchanting Brown,
In wav'ring Ringlets does her Forehead crown:
Thoſe blooming Cheeks, with Nature's curious Dye,
Do both the Lilly and the Roſe outvie;
With ruby Lips ſo ſoft, as Gods might greet,
Diſſolve in Rapture on their luſcious Sweet.
Her fragrant Breath, diſpenſing Odours more
Than ſpicy Shrubs on ſweet *Arabia*'s Shore;
Diſperſing Gales of ſoft ambroſial Love,
In ſweeteſt *Ether*, thro' the murm'ring Grove.
Two pearly Rows of Ivory do grace
Her lovely Mouth, with due and proper Space:

Nor is the Charms leſs pow'rful of her Tongue,
Whoſe Accents thrill, as tho' the Graces ſung.
That warb'ling Voice who hears muſt be inſpir'd,
Glow when you ſpeak, and melt with Rapture fir'd:
That dimpled Chin ſo round, ſo ſmooth, ſo neat,
Which does her finiſh'd Features conſummate.

Then to behold that Neck and Breaſt ſo white,
So form'd, ſo finiſhed to create Delight;
Thouſands of *Cupids* ſport and toy with Pride,
Darting their Shafts to all the World beſide:
No downy Swan, nor Snow juſt newly fell,
For bright tranſparent Whiteneſs can excel:
Not *Jove* himſelf, but with extatick Pleaſure,
Wou'd leave his *Juno* for ſuch heav'nly Treaſure;
There baſk in Bliſs, diſſolv'd in Rapture lye,
Loſt in *Elyſium*, and reluctant die.
On this one Part I cou'd for ever dwell,
But ah! alas! the reſt deſerves as well.

Each Limb, each Feature has peculiar Charms;
No Gazer but is ſtruck with ſoft Alarms.
That round, full Arm, that moves with ſolemn Grace,
Might win a Soul, without the Art of Dreſs:
Thoſe fragrant Fingers, grateful to the Touch,
Whoſe taper Summits charm the Senſe as much;
In gentle Touches, breathing ſoft Deſire,
From the tun'd Spinet's ſweet harmonious Lyre;
Mix'd with that ſprightly gay angelick Voice,
That Gods are pleas'd, and in their Orbs rejoice.

What laviſh Beauties round her Waiſt reſort,
That ſlender Form, where *Cupid* keeps his Court;
Myriads of ſoft Delights do ſport and play,
In lordly Triumph their reſiſtleſs Sway.
Now drop my Pen, the other Beauties ſkip,
Nor to their hidden Source preſume to ſlip;
Thoſe lureing Charms that far ſurpaſs the reſt,
But is not proper to be here expreſt:

Ideal Joys guſhes thro' every Vein;
The Thought, good Gods! —How Thrilling is the Pain!

Now gently ſlide to her alluring Feet,
How too and fro they trip the Ground, and greet
The Meads, the Fields, the Garden and the Grove;
In eaſy Steps, imprinting downy Love.
What Air ſerene, what Majeſty divine,
In her ſeraphick Image brilliant ſhine!
Whilſt the three Graces hover round her Head,
And vernal Sweets and Odours o'er her ſpread.
Had I but *Ovid*'s Softneſs, *Milton*'s Strain,
With *Virgil*'s Muſe, or *Homer*'s golden Vein;
I'd ſing for ever, to my lateſt Breath,
Thoſe Beauties, 'till my Eyes are ſeal'd in Death;
But weak's my Pen, and my Deſcriptions faint,
An abler Hand's required her Charms to paint.

As when a tow'ring Tree the Woods o'erſpread,
Upliſts his lofty Summit's ſhady Head;

Majeſtick,

Majeſtick, waving in *Etherial* Breeze,
O'erlooks the loweſt and inferior Trees:
So o'er her Sex in bright refulgent Rays,
She bears the Lawrel with eternal Blaze.

As when the Sun, that glitt'ring Orb of Ligh.
Moſt radiant ſhines, infuſing gay Delight;
At his Decline, how dull we then appear,
When loſt or clouded in our Hemiſphere:
So ſhe when abſent from th' admiring Crou'd,
What Gloom, what Sorrow thro' the Air is ſtrew'd
Soft Murmurs echo thro' the ambient Air,
With anxious Breaſts, mix'd with extream Deſpa-

But now behold that bright ſeraphick Maid,
Whoſe fragrant Odours ſweet refreſh the Glade
She now appears to our all-gazing Eyes,
And all her Slaves to do her Homage tries.

The Sun leſs bright, reclines his clouded Head,
Nor can be ſaid to ſhine, his Glories fled.
All Nature ſmiles, whilſt Birds do chant and ſing,
And hover round her a perpetual Spring.
Propitious Gods! protect her from on high,
Let Angels guard her and around her fly;
Serenely happy let her Days be crown'd,
Eternal Pleaſure let her Life abound!
No painful Thoughts (but gay and dear Delight)
Annoy her Breaſt, her heav'nly Soul to fright;
But the ſoft Pleaſure of ſome ſhady Grove,
Or Lawn, or purling Rill which 'cites to Love:
Or if by Heaven deſign'd to taſte thoſe Sweets
(In nuptial Bands) which th' happy Lover greets;
Let mutual Joys their kindeſt Influence ſhed,
And bliſsful Raptures crown the genial Bed;
Perpetual Delights in Fountains flow,
Nor the dire Frowns of angry Diſcord know;

Twining

Twining and bending in each other's Arms,
And to her happy Mate refign her Charms;
Billing and Cooing like two am'rous Doves,
Sealing their Souls in ſoft eternal Loves.

FINIS.